"SHENANDOAH."

firm, determined shake to the military kaletd-

oscope and then placed the effective combination

thus secured in an American civil war setting.

quer love-in books and plays.

Eveny " was and is.



Naked by the Press Publishing Company

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 10.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING WORLD. (Including Postage.)

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THE CIRCULATION OF The Evening World FRIDAY, AUG. 23,

348,010

WAS PRECISELY

But even on days when there is no event of extraordinary public interest THE EVENING WORLD sells a few copies. For instance, its circulation on Thursday, Aug. 22, was

170,370 Copies.

TWELVE!

The Whitechapel fiend has once more set his hand to the bloody work begun months ago. One more outcast has fallen forfeit to his wrath. The manner of this butchery, outdoing all its predecessors in borror, shows that the slayer's rage increases as he nears the promised end of his labor.

Three more remain to be done, and every dissolute creature in the London slums trembles with fear that she may be the next.

The grimmest feature of the frightful serial is the butcher's mexorable fidelity to his word. He keeps it, and Great Britain is powerless to hinder him. He has said fifteen must fall. London believes they will.

THE HALP HAS NOT BEEN TOLD. Judge WETTE, in a talk about reporters, whom he seems to consider omnipresent, mniverous, and void of the secretive faculty,

Why, just a little while ago I was sitting with some friends where I thought we would be alone, when a reporter came in and found me sitting ere in the corner of a saloon. I suppose he will have that in the papers too. Oh, these rerters will get everywhere.

Judge, you are a good fellow. There is nothing wrong in your penchant for sitting alone in the corner of a saloou. It is inhositable-very-but not wicked. And if it ere, there is no certainty the reporter who saw you there would publish the fact. Reporters have seen many men sitting in the corners of saloons who would not care to have people know it. And yet the horrid secrets have been kept-and by reporters,

No. Judge, if reporters should—as you presend they do, but know they do not-print all they know or see or hear, there would be an exodus of modern society into the deserts and waste places of the earth, that would resemble the departure of rats from the city of Hamelin at the heels of the Pied Piper.

A CLUMBY FAKE.

The exposure of STEVE BRODIE's brazen ontemptible Niagara "fake" has given his ne as fatal a tumble as the Falls would have afforded him had be been a brave man instead of a lying mountebank.

He ought to be hooted off the Bowery. unless he will consent to go, accompanied by s committee of honest men, and perform, seriation, in their presence the leaps he has had the credit of making hitherto. No less thorough restitution will convince his quonfam constituents that he possesses any element of gameness or honesty. As for the rest of the world it has no use for him.

And the abettors of this deception, what comes of them in the eyes of all selfrespecting newspaper men. Does not a share in BRODIE's offense merit a share in his

For shame, all of you.

WELCOME HOME, DOCTOR.

The New York Central Railroad men are making ready to go down the bay and meet Dr. CHAUNCEY DEPEW, who is home-coming on the City of New York. Here is a welcome a good part of Manhattan would join in with good grace. There will be flags flung out, if anybody says the word, to greet an honest man, thoroughbred, thoroughpaced American and consistent Christian

Good boy, CHAUNCEY! You and EDISO were the best exhibits we had abroad, as Russ Harrison was the funniest. But you are coming home opportunely. This Big Four business needs you.

Now, gentlemen; long cheers, long drinks, but no long speeches.

Hurrah for the " hired man."

It is a sorry sight for England, to see Australia and Canada contending on her waters for the rowing supremacy of the world. That is one kind of wave that Britannia no longer

It is a wholesome spectacle, that of the rival athletse associations dwelling together again is unity. The backbiting and wrangling and abuse is over, and there will be a muscu-

far love-feast at Travers Island next Saturday in the annual championship meeting that bodes ill for England, Ireland, Scotland or any other country that tries to deprive us of the bun in struggles of swiftness, strength or skell.

Now you are off!

THERE'S STILL A CHANCE.

Rascal Ives, dapper and chipper and cheeky, is at the bar of justice, looking in the face of eight indictments. He wanted to be a Napoleon. The original of that name died in confinement. If all eight charges are proven against this conscienceless young aspirant, he is apt to fulfil the Napoleonic ideal in one regard at least. All is not lost.

JUMP!

Come along, Giants. Dou't be content with easy victories. Win a few of these tight games and get up where you belong. The time is ripe for it now. The leap is not a long one. Gather yourselves and jump, all at once.

HULL, of Georgia, the would-be duellist, has succeeded in getting himself caught and put under \$10,000 bonds to keep the peace. His scampering up and down the country and blowing about the fight was not in vain. He is not to be blamed, maybe, from keeping away as best be could from the woods where PATTERSON, armed with a big pistol and a newspaper reporter, was waiting to do polite murder on him.

It seems as though Mr. CHRIS VON DER ARE, of St. Louis, had been biting off the nose of the town he halls from for the purpose of spiting its face. Maybe St. Louis baseball enthusiasts will not thank him. Surely, he will be made to pay with a deal of discomfort for these schoolboy tantrums of

The City Court Judges are after their colleague, Mr. Pitshke, with a very sharp stick, Yesterday they laid his case before Goy. HILL It is said Judge PITSHER will return in No vember. If he had delicate sensibilities his resignation would precede him by about three months.

The Grand Jury is still pottering away in mystery with the Flack case. But where is BOOKSTAVER?

FANCIES.

Verily the way of the fakir is more rocky than he bottom of Niagara Falls.

When Marie Jansen took a header from her horse at Winthrop did she instinctively say, "O he, mamma !" as she landed ?

Produce Exchange members are in mourning The deaths of four members were posted yester lay, and members are taxed \$12 a death.

James L. Barnhill, of Birmingham, Ala. iropped dead on Thursday night at the verhour he was to have been married. He was only seventy years old and had looked forward to ong period of wedded bliss.

Hats of great heads all remind us, If we choose the proper way. We can get up every morning With a head as big as they. — Washington Critic,

A Chicago husband found his runaway wifand her companion in St. Louis yesterday, and on the feet of the latter a pair of his own slippers on which his wife had embroidered "To my own darling " in days gone by. Touched by tender memories he forgave her and they went joyfully home together.

Mr. John L. Bullivan thinks that New York has not fairly treated him because his benefit was not a success financially. That's nothing, John; wait till you are a Congressman.

"Well," said the manager moodily. "there aren't many people here, but I suppose we can stand it. No doubt it's to be expected with a tank drama and thrilling marine scenery."
"What is to be expected?" inquired the stage manager. "A light house." - Washington Capital.

Fifty people were seriously poisoned by eating cheese at Beltsville, O., on Saturday, making the third lot poisoned in this way within a week. One would think that Beltaville folk might tem porarily curb this wild appetite for cheese.

Now only one triumph remains for Australia. o find a fighter to knock out Sullivan.

A Connecticut bustle factory shut down last Saturday, and 600 girls were thrown out of employment. There is no longer any call for the oustle. Oh. Mrs. Cleveland, why did you do it?

Goodness! Is Johnstown still dry? There are thirty-six grocers and fifty-one saloons in oper-

ation there now. OFF THE STAGE.

Mrs. Herrmann, wife of the famous necromancer, is an inveterate theatre-goer. When she is in the city she sees every theatrical novelty that is offered to the public. Her husband is a

less ardent theatre-goer. Mrs. D. P. Bowers has given up her flat and has taken to hotel life again. She patronizes the Sturtevant. Mrs. Bowers can be seen on Broadway every morning. She takes her daily

onstitutional alone. Maurice Barrymore is not nearly as elaborate about his attire off the stage as his admirers would love to believe. In fact, Barrymore is content to leave conspicuous clothes to the small

fry of the profession. Miss Isabelle Urquhart, of the Casino, never attracts the least attention in the street. She is always clad in the soberest of garbs. The time is fast approaching when she can envelop herself in her favorite ulster.

WORLDLINGS.

Lord Brassey's London house is lighted by electric lamps inclosed in sea shells of the greatest beauty, whose transparency sheds a glowing refulgence over the whole apartment. Rev. Herbert D. Ward and his wife (Elizabeth Stuart Phelps) are to write in collaboration a

time of Christ. The grave of Daniel Webster is at Marshfield. Mass., where the remains of his son Fietcher lie with the great orator's in the same tomb. The widow of Fletcher Webster is still living. but with her death the Webster family will become extinct.

He Did.

(From the Sunday Courier.) Miss Clara (entertaining a caller)-Bobby, you mustn't play with Mr. Featherly's hat. Bobby-Why not? Miss Olars—You might injure it; and be-sides, he will want it shortly.

THEY'RE CRUELLY TREATED.

SOME OF THE PETTY PUNISHMENTS THAT RECRUITS MUST UNDERGO.

Severe Penalties for Slight Brenches of Discipline-Devices That Savor of the itack and Stocks-Bucking, Gagging Tring Up by the Thumbs and Other Modes of Inhuman Torture. bat with patriotism. Patriotism can always con-

The account given in the St. Louis Post-Disparch of the treatment of recruits at Jefferson Barracks is being read with great interest, not only by the enlisted men, but also by officers, as I know of my personal knowledge," said C. F. Cady, of New Haven, Conn., who is visiting friends in St. Louis.

" For fifteen years and more I have had no connection with the army, but from 1852 to 1878 I was constantly employed in a clerical capacity, having been given a position in the Quartermaster's department by my uncle. Col. Cady, whom most of the officers of the old army will remember. It chanced that I served almost constantly with troops and got to know the interior management thoroughly. What Woodward says may or may not be true in its entirety, but his causes of complaint are mild and amount to nothing compared with what I have myself seen. It is not pleasant to be roughly spoken to, but when I was connected with the army the penalties for breaches of discipline were of a very different character. Corporal punishment never was allowed

"Corporal punishment never was allowed by the Articles of War, except in a few in-stances, and then only when inflicted by order of a court-martial. This power was taken away years ago; but the officers paid to attention to the Articles of War in this respect, and men were punished by hundreds without even a orstense of authority and for out even a oretense of authority and for the slightest infractions of discipline. Cer-tain modes were common and were employed by nearly all officers.

The most common was making a spreadeagle of a man, which was inflicted for very light offenses, such as absence from camp without leave, untidiness or want of care of arms and accourrements. In garrison a man could be sent to the guard-house for such an offense, but when on the march this mode of punishment was impossible and spread-eagling took its place.

"The process was to place a man against a wagon wheel, stretch his arms and legs far apart and lash them firmly to the spokes. He would be left in this position for several hours, often all night. The most unconhours, often all night. The most uncom-fortable position was when a man was spread-cagled with his face to the wheel, the outside spread, as it was called, when the back was against the spokes being considered by ex-perts far preferable. A man could be so tied that he could sit on the hub, which relieved the discomforts of the strained position very much, but often this was not done, and a most disagreeable night would be passed.

"Another favorite punishment, which

'Another favorite punishment, which could be effectively employed only in cold weather, was what was called 'picketing out.' In this mode of correction a picketpin was securely driven into the ground and a rope fastened to it. As many soldiers as were condemned to picketing were then fas-tened to the other end, their blankets and

tened to the other end, their blankets and overcoats taken from them and they would be left for the night. The only way for them to keep warm was to keep continually moving, and sleep was an impossibility.

"I saw three men picketed out in a snow-storm on the Kansas plains. They had neglected their mules, and this certainly deserved severe punishment, as the safety of the entire command depended on the animals. The next morning there were three mals. The next morning there were three distinct circles worn on the snow where the men had run around the picket-pin all night

to keep warm.
"Another and much severer punishment. "Another and much severer punishment, not infrequently practised, was to take out a wagon tongue, place it between the tailboards of two wagons and then put the culprit astride of it. This may not appear painful, but those who have ridden a wagon-tougue for several hours with a carbine tied to each foot, as was not infrequently done, could tell a very different story. Another mode of torture was to make a man carry a log on his shoulder for several hours.

"Tying up by the thumbs is terribly severe. There were two ways of doing this. A wagon tongue would be planted in the ground, and a strong piece of twine let down

severe. There were two ways of doing this. A wagon tongue would be planted in the ground, and a strong piece of twine let down from the top. The culprit would have this tied securely to each thumb, and would then be pulled up until nothing but his toes touched the ground.

"Another method was to tie the thumbs to a tolerably limber hickory stick. Unless a man kept on the full stretch all the time and remain prefeatly motivales; the stick

a man kept on the rull stretch all the time and remain perfectly motionless the stick would begin to vibrate rapidly, jerking the thumbs and causing terrible agony. "I knew a commender of a crack cavalry regiment (who rose to the rank of Brigadier-

General before his doath) who kept his bugler tied up all night. The yells of agony of the unfortunate fellow were heard all over the unfortunate fellow were heard all over the garrison. Sometimes the men were bucked and gagged. The bucking consisted in passing a stout stick under the knees and over the armpits. The hands were then tied below and in front of the knees, and the sufferer laid out in the bot sun. The result was most terrible cramps. A soldier's life, at least when I was connected with the army, was by no means a happy one."

POLITICAL PERSONALS.

Deputy Warden Wm. 8. McNamara will probably fill the vacancy caused by the death f Warden Yought, of the Almshouse. Black well's Island.

The names or initials of politicians seem to be n great favor for race horses just at present. To the list including Pat Divver, Pat Oakley and J. J. O. B., has been added John J. S., which might stand for John J. Scannell, th Tammany leader of the Eleventh District.

"All that President Harrison has to do now is o appoint Gen. Barnum Marshal and the Twenty-first Assembly District will have got all the plums," is the wail from John J. O'Brien's section of the city.

Alex Rosenthal, of the Fourth Assembly Dis trict, threatens to sue Matthew Stanley Quay for broken political promises made last Fall. Flack's successor as Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society will be chosen to-morrow. It still looks like ex-Judge Tappen.

Deputy Sheriff John Lavery is a diamond ex pert, rauking with the best appraisers of gem values in the city. John can fish a brilliant out of every pocket in his clothes,

William Sohmer, who was a prominent candidate for Excise Commissioner, will probably go to Albany next Winter as the representative of the Tenth District in the Assembly. He owes allegiance to Tammany Hall.

FASHIONS IN TABLE ORNAMENTS.

One of the prettiest among the Eiffel Tower ornaments is a candlestick produced in niagree

Cut glass claret jugs have silver tops which are attached to the handle of the jug by means of a silver chain. novel, the scenes of which are to be laid in the Very beautiful effects are now produced on crystal glass and choice keramics by the electro-deposit process.

A pretty dinner table ornament just received from the other side is in Bollemian ware and represents a Jersey tily. The shape, size and color-soft garnetish shading into cream—are accurately reproduced.

In after-dinner sets acveral charming novel-tics are being displayed by the importers. Some that attracted my attention especially were in Carlsbad china with fluted or canciles surface and floral, tinted and gold ornamentations. Crystal spring glass, in flower vases of various designs, an importation from Bohemia, is one of the most recent novelties.

—From the Jenetlers' Circular,

The poet and the dramatist could not get along for a very extended time without a war to give a new combination to the inert kaleidocopes of their imaginations. The possibilities of D'ULLOA AT YERA CRUZ. romance offered by the spectacle of two oppos-

ng factions, both made no of the same palpitat-Six Hundred of Mexico's Most Desperate ing humanity, are unlimited. Then there is al-Characters Confined Within Its Wallsways the comparative novelty of love struggling But Little Chance for Them to Escapebeneath the ironciad rules of military discipline and the charming picture of its successful com-

The following brief despatch was published in the newspapers of the country recently: In "Shenandoah," produced at the Star Theatre last night, Bronson Howard has given "City of Mexico via Galveston. -Et Tiempo states that the prisoners confined in the lastle of San Juan d'Ulion revolted and that

Fortunately Mr. Howard understood his theatre-going public sufficiently well to know that the subject of love was infinitely more interesting than that of patriotism. Most of the real interest in "Shenandoah was amorous, though so artistically was this blended with martial glory and the fortunes of war that many people no doubt talked themselves into the belief that they were really enjoying their American history. Still, Mr. Bronson Howard has relied more surely upon military accessories than did Mr. Gillette in "Held by the Enemy," and for that reason I hold that "Shenandoah" never be the popular success that " Held by the

But Bronson Howard 14 a consummate artist. 'Shenandoah " is a magnificent piece of work, full of the daintiest literary merit, overflowing with little touches that nobody but the truest student of humanity could have contributed ; bright with happy dialogue, and never for moment marred by staginess. Who but Bronson Howard, with such tempta-

tions as those offered by this stirring conflict be tween love and patriotism, could have been so absolutely free from vulgar boastfulness. Patriotism in many people is nothing in the world but vulgar boastfulness. offensive to every person of refinement. They

are unable to understand the true significance of patriotism. For it they mistake the coarse utterances that ward politicians make from beer-barrels in wine-rooms. Bronson Howard, in "Shenandoah," has explained the true meaning of patriotism, and he has done so in a masterly manner.
"Shenaudoah" is a play which really ought

to make all good Americans proud. American history is of course as yet hardly a well into which the dramatist or romancer can dip with the surety of securing a prize. But the civil war has by no means been depleted of its dramatic and romantic possibilities. All praise to Brouson Howard that in "Shenandoah" he has secured so massive a reward for his search.

Yet this new war play errs in one respect. Its interest is far too scattered. It tells five love stories-think of it!-- and brings them all before the audience to be settled before the fall of the curtain. And yet not one of these five love stories is absorbingly interesting. One or two intense conflicts of the heart might have been more effective. The story of conjugal doubt be-tween Gen. Haverill and his melancholy spouse is certainly far from enchanting. The suspicions of a husband for his wife when he is a grandfather and she is a grandmother are robbed of any romance and just begin to border upon the sickening. The love story of Lieut, Beilloe might have been omitted. It makes "Shenandoah " too long and does not add to its interest. The really interesting affair is that between Gertrude Ellingham and Col. Kercheval West. Its force was impaired by this excess of surroundings.

The climax to the third act of "Shenandoah, in which Gen. Sheridan's ride is shown, would be enough to insure the success of Mr. Howard's play. An exquisite stage picture is that upon which the curtain falls. There is no clap-trap Ben Tealison about it, but an admirably, legitimately worked up dramatic tableau. I caunot help smiling when I remember that the "Shenandoah "management felt obliged to resort to the puerile scheme of losing the author's manuscript in order to work up a little interest in the coming production. How idiotic! With a play like "Shenandoah" such a device was the seme

of imbecility.
The cast of "Shenandoah" is comparatively faultless. Hardly a blemish could be found in the stage training of the people employed by Mr. Howard. With the exception of Miss Dorothy Dorr's mannerisms, and Miss Effic Shaunon's untutored voice, the cast defied Selden, who played Capt. Heartsease, of Sheridan's cavairy, as an English drawing-room fop. Artistic work was done by Wilton Lackage, John E. Kellerd and-especially-by Harry Harwood. Henry Miller might have made in finitely more of the third act. Miss Viola Allen gave an irreproachable performance, and little Miss Alice Haines was as effective as Miss Naunette Campbell, whom she closely resembles. There was a child in "Shenandoah," but it wasn't seen. When I realized that it was not destined to come upon the stage and lisp pre-

big blessing to Bronson Howard. ALAN DALE.

Her Reverte. Under the shade of the maple tree. The couple sat together, While the robin sang with merry glee. In the sweet September weather.

He noted a shade on the maiden's brow, And he felt at his heart a sinking. As he wildly said, "Oh; tell me now, My darling, of what you're thinking."

cocities my heart gave a joyful bound and one

STOLEN RHYMES.

'I thought," she murmured, in accents low,
As she leaned on the arm of her lover.
'I thought that things would be awfully slow
When the baseball season's over."

—Boston Courier.

All They Lacked. I knew a maiden fair to see, so sweet, so good, it seemed to me she needed but those feathery things. That angels wear—men call them wings— To stand equipped from head to feet, An angel perfect and complete.

I knew a second maiden once, At school she took the cake—as dunce; she used to do such foolish things, I swear she only needed wings To make her, what she was in sooth, A perfect goose; and that the truth! --London Judy.

Walting. Waiting.
The lover stands in the shady lane,
Watching the cottage door;
He is waiting there for his Mary Jane,
And has waited an hour or more.
She comes not yet, and he heaves a sigh,
And has heart sinks in despair.
As the time goes by, and he anxiously
Awaits her coming there.

The wife in her room sits all alone.
Alone in the shadows dim:
Her husband to-night to the lodge has gone,
And she is waiting up for him.
She lists to the footsteps come and go,
whe watches the passing car—
Ah; only those who have waited know
How dreary the moments afe!

But the dreariest wait of all, 'tis said,
Is that in the morning light
Of the wretched man with the monstrous head,
Who was out with the boys last night,
As he gazes up at the old church tower
Where swift-wingel pigeons sear,
And waits for the clock to strike the hour
That opens the barroom door.

— Boston Courter.

Lost and Found. There was an old farmer named Foster Had an Alderney cow, and he lost her.
So the country he scours,
For three or four hours,
Then in his own yard came across (t)'er.
—Danseylle Breeze.

MONELL'S TEXTHING CORDIAL Julis the infant into

MEXICO'S GHASTLY PRISON

THE GLOOMY FORTRESS OF SAN JUAN

the troops quelled the uprising, shooting twenty prisoners down."

A brief announcement surely, and one that was probably hastily read and as soon forgotten. ict, to the few Americans who have visited the old Mexican seaport of Vera Cruz, and to the ewer still of these to whom chance or opportunity has brought a visit to the Castle, or rather

nity has brought a visit to the Castle, or rather the old fortress of San Juan d'Ullos, the few lines were pregnant with meaning and recalled instantaneously the far-off, quaint, old city, the frowning fortress and the vice and misery imprisoned therein. A gentlemen, who has recently returned from a visit to the gloomy old Mexican bastle, gave the following interesting description of the scene of the revolt.

We had come down from the City of Mexico on the preceding day, making that wonderful descent of 9.000 feet which leads from the high table land of the Therra Fria to the warm vegetation and the low coasts of the Therra Caliente, or, in other words, we had been, as it were, brought in tweive hours from November to June. We were standing on the wharf talking to our imperfect Spanish with the chief customs officer, a most cultivated man, formerly noted as a bandit chief, when Capit, low well-known English resident of Vera Cruz and who for seventeen years has made the rough places of the old port smooth to many weary travellers, approached.

"Do you want to go over to see the fortrest?"

places of the old port smooth to many weary travellers, approached.

"Do you want to go over to see the fortreas?" he said. "The Saratoga doesn't sail for two hours and I would like to show you the dungeons." An eager assent from the two ladies and the four men of the party was his answer. In a moment more we were flying over the smooth water of the roadstead in a long open boat, propelled by the oars of six insty rowers and steered by the genial Capt. Powell himself. Touching a moment at the Saratoga to warn bluff and hearty Capt. Curtis that he must not sail for New York without us, we flew by the trim steamer Niagara, the great Spanish liner. Alfonso XIII., and so on to the fort, which covers a small island about a mile from the shore, and whose ice affords the only shelter, inadequate at that, when the fierce northers which sweep down the Mexican coast with such fury in Winter blow. Bounding a corner we glided into a little basin along-side an old granite wall. Here stood two sentries, who, on our approach, levelled their guns and demanded our mission. Capt. Powell in Spanish requested the presence of the commandant, and in a few moments he appeared, a tall, soldierly looking man wearing one empty eleeve. Exchanging greetings with Capt. Powell, and bowing low to the ladies, he invited us to land. The sentries shouldered arms and saluted, and not withput some trepidation, we saw an Iron, barred gate swing back and entered within the

acreed state some constraints we saw an iron, for wining walls of the fortrees.

Save for the massive walls and the cannon in the embrasures the scene was peaceful enough, and little evidence of life was visible. We hoter the state of the party, with their muskets. Passing through the open court, we traversed a broad, tunnelled passage, and came ont again there we stated come life of the remarkable size and attempth of the fortress, which seemed to stretch away on all sides to an immeasurable distance. A few prisoners were bathing in the most. Outside the other waves danced merrily, Gar to the south a said under your feet in dark either the state of the remarkable size and attempth of the most. Outside the other waves danced merrily, Gar to the south a ship under full said appeared above the horizon.

'You little think, "said Capt, Powell, "that within these walls and under your feet in dark downcate characters in Mexico. Poor fellows: I can't help calling some of them poor fellows: I can't help calling some of them poor fellows: I can't help calling some of them poor fellows: I can't help calling some of them poor fellows: I can't help calling some of them poor fellows: I can't help calling some of them poor fellows: I can't help calling some of them poor fellows: I can't help calling some of them poor fellows: I can't help calling some of the most of the state of the same o

Why He Was Late. "Dennis," said a gentleman to his janitor.

'You are late this morning. What is the "I wor obliged to go to court this mornin where they wer investigating a little occur-rence that happened last night."
"Well, did they find anything ?"
"Yes, they fined me."

Jaggs—You must be pretty old.
Squibbs—Not so old as I look. Three weeks ago I took an injection of Dr. Spring Lamb's Rejuvenator, without Dr. Hammond's indorsement blown on every bottle, and it's quite remarkable how I've aged since.

Rabbit's blood does its awful work.





will live forever to the discomfiture of would-be heirs.

ELIXIR PROBABILITIES. HUMOR'S LIGHTEST VEIN

MORE ROPEFUL EXPECT.

Of no further use.

No more police outrages on old men.

Old Mrs. Bangham, aged ninety, wallops her frisky son of seventy, just as she did three-quarters of a century ago.

AT LEAST THIS IS WHAT SOME OF THE MERRY PARAGRAPHS FOR THE LOVERS OF MIRTH AND SMILES.

[From Judge.] Indefinite Information

asked a speculator. "I think it's as high now as it has been,"

A Bad Hablt.

I From the Cartoon.

dandy kisser. Mamma (reprovingly)-g'reddie, dear, you

She—My dear, why don't you destroy your compromising letters? I always destroy What the Trouble Was

[From the Chicago News.]
"I grasp the situation," said President Harrison, after listening for half an hour to be man who wanted an office.

Had to Cry. [From the Chicago Ledger. "What are you crying for, my boy?"

At the Catskills. [From the Beston Budget.]
Newcomer—What is the highest point reached here? Old Sojourner—Oh, don't bother yourself about that just now. You will find it out soon enough when you get your bill.

Annoying to Host. How It In Done,

[From the Boston Gazette.]

feathers and white dresses, jewelry and neat gloves, my boy.

Mamma (musingly)—Yes, I remember that
time how I dressed before we were married.

[From Harper's Weekly.] "Dear me! This is annoying!" said Mr. Haggerty, impatiently. "I've looked all over the house for my pipe, and can't find it anywhere." "Did you look in your mouth?" asked Mrs. Haggerty, regarding him with a smile. "No. by George! And it's there too," said

Quits Work for a Time. [From the Chicago Herald,] Foreman-You might as well look for another job, Jerry. Bricklayer-What for? What have I done?

"Your trowelful of mortar struck the

"Let him keep out of the way. If the bell strikes 12 when I've got a trowel of mortar I don't care where it drops."

patient in surprise. "Why, man alive, I've never had anything else. I've lived right here in New England all my life." A Young Barbarian.

Tommy (after a moment's reflection)-I think I should enjoy seeing the baby spanked. Didn't Come to Work Overtime. [From the Birmingham Post.] Chief (to industrious clerk in Government Office)-Why didn't you dot the "i" in the



Traveller (from Chicago)-Come here, you rascal! Local Patriot—Not much. I don't take no chances on this 'xhibit goin' back t' Sheereage. after we once git it here.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS

Aiready acknowledged...... 86,354.02 THE FAIR YIELDED \$43.

Harlem Misses Work Zealously for the Bick Baby Fund. The tidy little sum of \$43.01 is sent to THE

EVENING WORLD'S Sick Baby Fund by seven little ladies who have been holding a fair. Their names are Misses Tenny, Lina, Selina and Bella Rosenhaupt, Litlie and Hattie Schlesinger, and Libbie Kahn. They all live on East One Hundred and Fifteenth street. The fair was held last Friday and Saturday

afternoons in Mr. S. Rosenhaupt's yard, 124

All Used Up

East One Hundred and Fifteenth street.

Strength all gons. Tired out. Overworked. Feeling mean and miserable. -- You must not neglect yourself longer. Delays are dangerous. The downward ten-dency of your system must be stopped. You need the toning, strengthening, building up properties of Rood's Sarasparilla to restors you to health, give you an appetite and make you active, cheerful and willing to work.

Hood's Sarasparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1 :siz for 5. Prepared only by C.I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.



"How high has wheat been this year?"

replied the interrogatee: "about four inches, I should guess, but I haven't been in the country lately.

Little Fred (to his nurse)-Marie, you're a

mustn't say that. It is siang. Fred—Papa says it to her. Mamma—I don't think he will, dear, after speak to him about it.

Tit for Tat. | Prom the San Francisco Chronicle, | | He—It's all very well, my dear; I don't

mind your bullying me and pitching into me. but it was a mean trick to do to go through my pockets and read my letters. I draw the line at that. I don't think you ought to do

"That's just the trouble," complained the suppliant. "What I want is for you to le

"I got licked by the teacher." "Well, it does no good to cry."
"Huh! How can you expect a boy that's
whaled not to blubber."

[From the Harvard Lampoon.] Guest—Is this Mrs. Smith's house? Family Butler (hired for the occasion)-1 don't know, sir : but it's 590 Beacon street.

Son-Papa, how do they catch lunatics? Cynical Father-With large straw hats and

Found at Last.

Haggerty.

owner of the building down on the first

Change of Climate. [Prom the Christian Register.] "Change of climate is what you need," said the high-priced physician, after he had listened to all the details of the patient's case. "Change of climate!" exclaimed the

Fond Mother—Tommy, darling, this is your birthday. What would you like best?

last word of your report last night?
Industrious Cierk—I beg your pardon; but
you see the clock struck four just at that
boint, and I didn't care to work overtime.

